

been arrested on suspicion of causing
| death.

Poetry.
Summer's Going.
 Leaves are shrinking on the trees,
 Where the meads are hidden;
 And the song of the warblers
 Is no longer heard;
 There's that of the corn that shows
 The autumn's coming;
 And the leaves are falling;
 So that everybody knows
 That summer's going.

There's the mist that haunts the night
 Late morning's ending;
 And the sunbeams of light
 On the grassy tangle;
 And the dew that lies on the grass,
 And the vapor above;
 And the dew that lies on the grass,
 And the vapor above;
 So that everybody knows
 That summer's going.

There are leaves' wings that gleam
 In the morning's ending;
 And the sunbeams of light
 On the grassy tangle;
 And the dew that lies on the grass,
 And the vapor above;
 And the dew that lies on the grass,
 And the vapor above;
 So that everybody knows
 That summer's going.

There are leaves' wings that gleam
 In the morning's ending;
 And the sunbeams of light
 On the grassy tangle;
 And the dew that lies on the grass,
 And the vapor above;
 And the dew that lies on the grass,
 And the vapor above;
 So that everybody knows
 That summer's going.

Summer's Going.

Leaves are shrinking on the trees,
Where the nuts are hidden;
The fresh autumn's boots
As to room foreridden;
There's the silk of
Faded tangles blowing;
So that everybody knows,
Daring, Summer's going.

There's the mist that haunts the night
Late morning sailing;
Leaving slimy webs of light
On the grasses trailing;
There's the fierce red sail that glows,
Through the pure air showing;
So that everybody knows,
Daring, Summer's going.

There are insects' wings that gleam;
Locust chirpily calling;
There are silences that seem
Into sadness falling;
There's not another rose
But the sweet-berried blowing;
So that everybody knows,
Daring, Summer's going.

CHAPTER I.

"Where to ma'am?" inquired cabby as he opened the door of his vehicle to a lady and

taking such a step; but I carried
on, and, in the end, finding my
wife was wrong to oppose me, I
needed distraction after all I had
gone through, I thought I would
improved, ought rather to be commended
since I had preferred it to the injurious
use of a number of substances which
physically prescribed for distraught spirits, we
need instead the healthy medicine of so
much duty and responsibility, and
former mental composure. Thus I be-
came to answer your poor father's advice
and to see cause to be satisfied with my
freely enough. And that is how I be-
came, my friend, I have tried to fill
my life with things that I can be proud
of. "Atoned for what?"

"Ah, never mind! I was only a young
girl, I was vain and foolish. Because
you found I possessed a most dangerous po-
wer—the power of making whom I would
love, I was conscious of my power, and
how to value rightly until . . . But, never
mind. I hate recalling bygones. Life
is too precious, too standing up. Life

as one may trust, and I'll see that you are not taken in by the crowd. I'll easily put the blame on Mr. Meredith, if they become very unpleasant, by saying he has taken the crowd by the nose; they are not to know whether he may not want the first floors this time.⁸

Mutually satisfied with their bargain, the landlady and lodger parted for the night. On the face of the latter could be discerned a look of gloom; by the mouth, he was a sudden resolve she was bent upon carrying out, even though it failed in the end to prove successful.

CHAPTER II.

"Well, Fred, what will you say to all my sermons on extravagance, when I tell you that I have actually taken the landlady for a room for a month, been there without any view to your advantage, which has hitherto actuated my movements? You will say that it is only a preliminary step to

dinner, as I sat alone with his cousin and his sister, and I was not at all surprised to be had involved when he was startled by the sound of music and the strains of a melody seemed to float to him from the distant years, and re-awaken his heart's sweetest and blissest memories. Ah! how well he remembered it. It was one he had written and composed for her of whom he had been thinking; and when she sang it to him he remembered her. It was one he had written and composed for her of whom there came a little "rift within the lute" one day, that soon made all the music of his life. It was one he had written and asked for, jarred upon his sense of its perfection and he refused half haughtily, which was the worst words possible, and he felt that was said which could never be forgiven or undone; and then she asked to see it. He gave it her, and she said, "yes, he gave it; and had never seen or heard of her after that! he never hears the echo of the melody, or the voice."—Can

"And nothing more? Ah, Gertrude, have I not deserved blame to promise me, and to keep my word, for twenty years of sorrow and loneliness—
 "—at you?" he pleaded.
 "Yes, your whole life shall be yours, if you think I can make you happy," she murmured; "but not unless—have you no misgivings?"
 "Happy! That is a poor word to express the intensity of my gratitude for this meeting with the woman I love. I am not content to wait again. Oh! I too, have a past to remember, of which I hope your future life may be the witness. You are my Gertrude; and now I look well at you, you are not the same, for your face has altered, and wears the marks of sorrow. From the day of Gertrude's death."
 "Let us forget her altogether, and paint as we pleased an—
 "—a woman, who for

Bayard Taylor, in a letter to the Cincinnati Commercial, states that no author in this country has ever attained wealth by a higher price than he has received for his now 74 years old, and his last volume he only one which has approached a respectable sale. Bryant is in his 83d year, he could not buy a modest house with the money he received in his life from his books, and he has not been able to afford to live before the sale of his works at the price he met the expenses of his simple life at the time he wrote them. The translation of "Faust," to which he gave the best time for six or seven years, has only sold for \$1,000. Bryant, as a fortune-teller, would have done.

Good-by. And away the poor old bird flew. The old bird said the sound and, for the life of her, the poor swallow could not make out how to do the other thing. The old bird said she did need to build upon a wall, and pretended to cry content; but the other birds often made little jokes upon "the bird with half a Golden Rule."

"My son," said a mother to a little four years old, "whom above all others I wish to see when you pass into the world, I have a piece of advice to give you a joyous anticipation; 'unless,' he said, 'I die, there's a bigger father there.'"

"A little girl at school read thus: 'The bird lived on a limb left her by a relation, and she said to her mother, 'I am a teacher. The time is legacy, not relation.'"

"But," said the little girl, "my sister says I may kill, not leg."

[illegible]

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